

Bread

Junk Food - IV

meapuniverse

Bread by meapuniverse

Series: [Junk Food \[4\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Blood, Gen, No Porn, No Romance, Swearing, in which reader remembers they are treating with a monster, just a little bit of blood, modern time

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Summary:

You were broke.

So you either make him something or give him your arms.

with that in mind, you hope he doesn't mind handmade snacks.

Bread

Author's Note:

Hi guys! Thank you so much to all of those who have commented and gave kudos on the previous works! you make me so happy! i never thought somebody would like my stories! i hope you all like this one too.

I think you might find this one boring or something, i really had to touch this topic so reader can relax more into their situation with pennywise, i have read a lot of readerxPennywise, and i don't mind most of it, but what has always nagged me about the whole relationship is that the reader never cares about pennywise killing kids and such, i'm tryin to get to a point in which these two could come closer without ignoring the fact that he is a monster.

Again, english is not my first language, any errors please let me know!

“Flour, Carrots, Sugar and more sugar...and oil, and eggs”

It was Friday night, and of course, you were awake.

Part of the whole “feed the clown and don’t get eaten” was that you didn’t trust the bitch, that’s why you now didn’t have any sleep the day before the usual meeting day.

And to top that, now you lived in eternal paranoia, because last time he made you go on Wednesday and you were late.

The Results? Five band aids on your body and you couldn’t carry your backpack like a fucking normal person (you were so bitter that you considered the last one a Major inconvenience).

And the BEST OF ALL!~

You were Broke.

And your mom wouldn't send money until Sunday (so fucking close...)

So you had to be resourceful.

You had to make him something.

You were a good cook, your mother said you gave food a special flavor, and you used to make pastries and such for a little extra money so why not?

Besides, the clown ate candy with the fucking wrapper, you doubted he would mind something handmade.

So you choose to make a classic, something you could never fuck up.

Carrot and Banana bread!

With the last of your money you bought what you needed for them, and the new whiteboard hanging on you room with the list of things you already gave the clown.

Now you were hoping he would like your new choice (not so much a choice, more like desperate measures).

So you got baking.

You had done it so many times you didn't even need to see the recipe, you knew how much of everything was needed and also how to make the most of it.

In little under an hour, the breads were already in the oven, you put the timer to an hour.

And what now? You had no homework for the weekend and once you were done baking you still had a whole night to spend awake.

Oh well, you would think about it more once you were done baking, Flipping through channels for an hour wouldn't be so bad.

You went to the Living room and sat down in front of the tv, turning it on.

Nothing

click

Nothing

click

Already saw it

click

Saw it so much you were sick of it

click

Bee movie

click

Nothing

click

News

click

Local News

click

Alread- Wait!

You changed the channel back to the local news, usually there were important news in the morning, trash in the afternoon and shit in the night. But this time there was a special notice, apparently an emergency

“-even year old Andrew Masterson has been missing since last Wednesday, there are several witnesses saying they saw the child leaving for school in the morning, but the teachers reported he never made it to class, there is a search going on but there has been no clue about his whereabouts”

Then they showed a photo of the kid, he had brown hair and green eyes, the mother said he was wearing a red shirt and jeans, and had a blue backpack with stars on it.

You had a bad feeling about it.

As if you knew what had happened to him... and maybe you did.

Derry was known for being a peaceful place, but you knew the truth.

You knew little Andrew wasn't coming home anymore

Without noticing you had started crying, the tears blurred the tv and you couldn't listen to it anymore.

You felt so horrible.

The parents were going to wonder what happened to their kid forever. They might hold onto the hope of him coming home one day.

But you knew he wouldn't, and you felt guilty about it.

And still, what could you do?! the only thing you could help with is telling them what most likely happened to little Andrew.

You could already hear it

"So dear Mr. and Mrs. Masterson, your kid isn't coming home because there is this clown that's not actually a clown but a demon who eats kids and fear and- No no I'm not making this up! I give him popcorn and candies every week, he lives close to the river an- please stop calling the police goddammit I'm telling you what happened!"

God you really needed to eat some ice cream ASAP

You had tried to not think about what the clown did when he wasn't with you, but it's not like he pretended to not be monster, he constantly showed you his scary pointy teeth and he was always slobbering on you.

And of course he had those fucking creepy eyes (if you were completely honest with yourself, you thought it was awesome how he could change his eye color at will, if you could do that it would be so fucking cool!).

You tried to concentrate on something else, there was no use on thinking about something you had no control over.

You tried to at least

Maybe if the clown had killed yo-*RIIIIIIIIIIIIIING*

Thank god! The timer went off! The breads were ready!

You went to the kitchen and took them out of the oven, they were perfect!

You left them on a cooling rack, they would be packed in the morning.

What were you doing before? Who knows! Now it was time to watch Netflix for the rest of the night and stop thinking about the little kid that was surely eaten by the demonic clown you feed candies to~

It was going to be a long night.

After binge watching one of you favorite shows for like the sixth time, you got into motion again.

You were kinda getting used to it, only sleeping 6 days a week...key word: Kinda.

This time you were going to take a shower, you didn't fucking care if you ended up bathing in blood, you needed to be awake for the rest of the day.

Half an hour latter you were out of the bathroom, surprisingly enough everything was normal...you were starting to think that maybe your all-nighter wasn't necessary, but that thought made you mad so instead you focused on something else.

The list of Do's and Don'ts you wrote a couple days ago

What you were going to bring that day had absolutely nothing to do with the list, except for the popcorn. Once you got some more money you would continue with the candy theme.

It was easy and you had a lot of options so why not? Besides, what else could you bring him that didn't cost so much?

Ugh, you never thought you would have money problems from feeding a killer clown by the river

Speaking of money, you needed money.

Maybe that's what you would do that day, job hunting.

You got dressed and had some breakfast (at least you still had some food for that day), then you left the apartment and got into your car.

Job hunting in downtown sounded fun, everybody said that that part of town looked like it was stuck in the 80's, you loved the feeling it gave you. It was like good ol times without the homophobia and racism!

You parked in front of the park in the middle of town and got out, ready to explore town and find a job.

Three hours later you had given up and were back in the park.

There was *nothing*

Not even one fucking job you could take, either because of the schedule or because you needed too many fucking years of experience...

Even the lady in the fruit store that was about to go out of business wouldn't hire you!

"Have you worked with fruit before dear? You need experience for that! It's a tough job and I have no time to teach you." She said that while putting a tomato among the apples, you had to leave fast because you didn't know if you would laugh at her or punch her.

Gosh what were you going to do?

You sat down on a bench in the park, your search had been a failure but at least...

At least what?

Shit, you thought maybe something good would come from that.

Erm...you guessed you could at least enjoy the scenery in the park? That was good at least.

It was lonely at that time of the day, there were no kids playing yet... maybe it was because of what happened to little Andre-

Nope, next thought!

Nice trees, nice grass, nice weather, nice...red balloon?

You thought you saw wrong but no, there... there was a red balloon floating close to your car.

What the hell?

You had a really good understanding of the laws of physics, and that meant you knew that balloon shouldn't be floating so calmly in place, not with the cool November breeze and definitely not with the helium inside of it.

Morbid curiosity took you to it, if anybody asked then you could say you were only going to your car.

Once you got close enough to it you examined it without touching it. Your mind had to be playing tricks on you, that's not how balloons work!

You went to grab it. Right when you were about to touch it you heard a growling voice close to your ear

“Don’t be late, I’m quite hungry today” You heard it say.

And right when he finished talking, the balloon popped.

Blood flew from inside of it, staining everything close to it

That meant your car...and you.

“This motherfucking dramatic bitch, are you kidding me?!” you said under your breath.

You got into your car, trying to not make too much of a mess, and took your jacket off, it was already ruined so you used it to clean your face and hands.

You quickly got out to clean as much as you could from the car, or else people would believe you ran over some animal or something.

Ugh now you had to get home and clean your jacket, what did that blind lady in that one movie said? Seltzer water and lemon? You had none of those but you would google something there.

Once you got back home, you put your jacket in a bucket with water and some salt, that was the first result on google and you honestly were too tired to care and investigate more.

You still had like two more hour to go, this time you would arrive one hour early, if only for pettiness.

You went to the kitchen and packed the bread, you considered bringing a knife to cut them but maybe he would only take big bites from the cakes, you could already see him, a bread in each hand and taking a bite from each like a fucking Animal.

Still, you took the knife and put it in a bag with the bread, who knew maybe you could stab the clown in the leg instead. Ehem.

Now the popcorn

Luckily you had bought several microwavable popcorn bags beforehand for emergencies like this.

You were going to give him three bags, after all he said he was quite

hungry (no need to repeat the message, thank you very much)

You got nervous while making the popcorn, if they got burnt you were sure he wouldn't eat them, and he would be hungry and probably eat your arms or something.

The first bag was a little bit burnt, so with all the pain in your heart you would have to use another one.

This time you adjusted the time, and the other three bags were perfect.

Oh well, you could take the burnt one for you, to munch on something while you waited.

You only had one coke left, and it was from your secret stash, it hurt your soul to give it to him but you packed it in with the rest of the stuff

Oh Shit! You had forgotten about the lamp!

You went around looking through the apartment, maybe the old tenant had left one in the supply closet?

No such luck.

Shiiiiit what now?

Oh no, you'd have to go ask a neighbor...

You'd have to *interact with people*

Oh well, you interacted with a killer clown like two times a week, a neighbor wouldn't be so bad.

It was worse

You got the lamp but at what cost!

First you went with the neighbor on the right side, he never opened the door completely and when you asked about a lamp he said he had none, even though you could see two hanging in his living room.

And then your neighbor on the left side, an old lady with apparently nothing better to do, and she was asking some weird ass questions!

“Oh dear, is it for a picnic? A romantic picnic? young people these days are always doing naughty things in the forest or by the river, you shouldn’t do those things you look like a nice (Y/G)”

You could only try to smile and tell her you wouldn’t do “naughty things” with it, you could answer her so many things, but oh god she would either think you were crazy or believe you, and both were bad choices

At least you got the lamp.

Time to get moving!

You parked in your usual place and took the food and the lamp out.

You were nervous walking through the trees between the car and the river, last time he had tackled you and you were still sore from that.

You took your usual seat and waited, you still had one hour to go so you grabbed your bag of popcorn to focus on that.

This time as soon as the smell of sewer hit your nose you got up, looking for him.

But you never expected to see him emerging from the river!

“You are ruining the fun” he growled

How could you smell him If he was in the water? And the river doesn’t look that deep...did he really made that entrance for the dramatic effect?

‘Note to self: try and ruin all his entrances until he runs out of ideas.’

Once he got close enough he smirked, teeth showing.

‘Hoe don’t do it’

He shook the water off himself like a fucking dog and now you were wet...

You acted as if that didn’t happen, you wouldn’t give him the satisfaction.

“Oh my, you are early today! Eager to see me?” he said, taking a seat at his usual place.

‘You wish’ you thought, “well your latest message was received so better not keep you waiting, I’m tired of cleaning blood from my clothes” you said to him.

You passed him a bag of popcorn and he started to eat.

‘So how was your day?’ you thought sarcastically. Damn you needed someone to talk to, you were actually considering making small talk with the local demon!

You unfocused for a minute, only to be brought back to reality by something thrown at your head

He had scrunched the empty bag of popcorn and had thrown it at

you...Rude

You gave him the rest of the popcorn, he ripped the second bag with his teeth and you were sure he ate some of the paper.

While he was on that you took the bread out of the bag and unpacked them.

He kept eating the popcorn, saliva dripping down his outfit.

You wondered where he got it from, or more like how he came up with it.

You had this super strange feeling that he couldn't take off his clothes, NOT LIKE YOU WANTED HIM TO, but like, as if they were a part of him.

After all, even though he had been wet while coming out of the river his makeup had still been perfect, and now that you looked at him, it was still intact.

So that meant the makeup wasn't actually makeup, and it could mean the outfit wasn't actually an outfit.

While you looked at him he had been stealing glances at you, he seemed giddy, as if he couldn't wait for something to happen, and that put you on edge. Maybe he was going to kill you and you didn't know it yet.

You grabbed the knife your brought and he stopped eating,

narrowing his eyes at you and baring his pointy teeth

“I-I brought you some bread, and I need this to cut it for you” you explained.

He his eyes usually changed to green when eating, and now they were slowly changing back to yellow the more you held the knife in your hand.

Oh shit, he didn’t believe you

You put one of the breads in front of you and cut a piece of it.

With your trembling hand you gave it to him “T-this is carrot cake, It’s made from c-carrots and sugar, i-I think it’s pretty good...” you told him.

He put down the popcorn bag he was eating and took the piece of bread from you.

He held it so tightly his gloved fingers were starting to crumble the bread.

“It’s soft so, you shouldn’t grab it so tightly...” he seemed perplexed by this new texture.

He opened his mouth wide and dumped the whole piece in his mouth and chewed slowly.

His eyes went back to green, and he seemed amazed by the flavor.

“It’s too easy to eat, I like to use my teeth to rip through flesh and bones, and this is too soft”

What the fuck, too much information!

“But I like the flavor, what is this carrot thing you speak of?” he extended his hand, asking for another piece.

You cut another piece and gave it to him, no longer trembling.

The fuck did he mean by “what is this carrot thing”?

“You know...carrot...vegetable...orange....long?” He chewed the second piece, still no clue of what you were talking about.

You were so surprised by him not knowing what a carrot was!

You took your smartphone out and googled carrot images.

“Here, this is a carrot” you showed him one of the many images you found

His eyes lit up “Oh! So that’s how they are called” he had finished the second piece already, and apparently he thought that method was too slow because he didn’t wait for a third piece, he just grabbed the rest of it in his hand and took a big bite of it.

You were absolutely not surprised about that.

You already knew he wasn't human, the teeth were a dead giveaway of this fact, but you had never stopped to consider how different he was to humans.

Maybe that's why he ate children? Maybe nobody told him meat was processed these days and you could buy it at the market

Pfff, that thought made you laugh! You could imagine him at the store with a shopping cart, asking the employees for their freshest meat "if you could include some fear on it that would be good", and then he would ask to speak to the manager about his expired coupons!

"HAHAHAHAAH!" you could help but laugh harder at that imagine!

"What is so funny? Are you laughing at me?" he had stopped eating to look at you as if you had grown another head, *Nobody* laughs when he was around!

You calmed down once you remembered who you were thinking about "N-no I'm not laughing at you, I was just remembering uhm... Something?"

Before he could ask what that was, you cut a piece of the banana bread and passed it to him "This is another kind of bread! Banana!"

He still had some carrot cake left in one of his hands, but he didn't mind and ate the piece you gave him.

"Is every bread like this? Too soft" he complained "It's good too, but I like the carrot one better" though that didn't mean he wasn't going to eat the rest of the banana bread, he had a free hand now and so he took the rest of it and took a bite of it.

And at that moment you learned he could be predictable.

You couldn't watch him eat like that! You didn't have enough willpower to not laugh at how you had predicted it.

So instead you focused on putting the lamp to work.

There was still some light in the sky but you had suffered enough to get the lamp, you might as well use it (and NOT for naughty things)

Once that was done you felt somewhat calmer, light meant safety, or so you thought.

Until you felt him grab you by the arm. You looked at him, he was giving you a predatory smile with too many teeth.

"Come" he said making you stand up with him "I'll show you something" he said while smiling wider, eyes turning yellow.

OH SHIT.

Author's Note:

Omg this is my first cliffhanger!
i'm so proud!

i hope you all liked it, i know it was missing more
Pennywise and reader interaction, but i'll work on
that, as soon as i fix what i was telling you about the
monster situation.

Thank you for reading!